

Paris, March 22 51

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Dear father & mother,

I am indebted very much to you both for charming letters, since the last sheets were addressed to you. My letters are such weekly delights to me! You must rest assured, dear father, because I have said nothing about it, I am most deeply interested in all the stirring events you have been participating in at home. And though I know that trial must have given you much labor & trouble, I cannot regret your share in it; for I feel an honest man's honest & strong conviction & earnest voice for the right, is never lost. Things worth having are never gained without good struggle; & English history of some 30 years ago, when the battles for putting down the slave trade & slavery were fought, how men who are almost sainted now - a right were then denounced & abused by voices of good hope & encouragement. - And the doctrine of right & wrong, instead of expedient or inexpedient, is the only thing that can ever hold our vast country, with its thousand interests, its clashing objects, firmly together. I do not think I ever in my life so valued religious, religious principle, & even a stern morality, as since I have been in France! And I had rather we went back to the intolerance of the Puritans & had with it their lofty spirit, than get to this acquiescence in all things, this faith in nothing, living & acting solely for the selfish present. - It is the constant question will the French republic last? How can it when the French themselves seem to have no faith in it? When there is no definite aim or object; but each little clique works & flatters & intrigues for its own advantage. - When they seem afraid to trust the right because it is right, when their lives of sin are in discord with their words, when men are honored because they speak great things or write elevated thoughts or imagine lovely creations, & yet whose private lives are corrupt & impure; & yet it is said, "th. that is admitted by society, they are forced to such things, one must not be too strict, they do as well as they can, & they are so noble & elevated in thought." The great want of France is real religious principle, & I have never felt like now how absolutely & imperatively we need you, revealed to us through Jesus Christ, how we must have the Bible, as the final appeal in all doubtful questions, how human nature & human reason cannot stand alone, as when I see how people who would fain have good & right are led astray, & blinded & imperfect, how far short they fall of the truth, when philosophy & moral nature take the place of religion. - I long sometimes to be a missionary to France, did I not feel that I knew a task for which I was too little. One thing we may be most happy for at home, & th. how blessed it is we do not know, see many for local & even in England there is too much marriage for settlement - I was quite struck last autumn by a answer a lady made, good & lovely herself, & wh. I am sure would never have married for such reasons, but seemed to see nothing but prosperity

in such an arrangement - she was telling me about a lady in the neighbourhood, a sister of the Duke of Montrose, who was lately left a widow. "Her husband," she said, "was very healthy, & owned a magnificent place; but was ^{more than} foolish; of course, said she, she did not love him, but she was an attentive wife, & managed all his affairs admirably, down to the estate; & said she, 'I looked strangely after his death to see her in the deepest widow's weeds & laughing & joking as merrily as ever, to be sure she could not have loved her husband, & never professed it.' But, said I, 'What could have induced her to marry such a man?' 'Oh,' answered she, seriously, 'the settlement. I did not like to hear such a thing spoken so lightly, & I never could respect a woman who would sell herself for money, but for French marriage! I feel as if the want of morality in France, the degradation of love is a thing of the Devil, (the French give their love the right name when they call it 'caprice') the want of family, of home, of the noble. Only influence on all of some this, some opinions, some feelings & affections, had their root in making marriage an "affair" - fathers & mothers sell their daughters when another comes to them & says 'let us marry our children, how much will you give your daughter for daughter?' And girls feel thus are sold when a man owns them, when they are bound to him & he is made master, for a husband must be master if there is no love, because it was a convenient arrangement - And that it is a chance if love comes, whether he may not tell her 'love is not a thing between Husband & wife, mean friends, & you will manage the household, but that is all.' Madame told me she had never seen her husband but three times before she was married! the day he was presented, the day of the contract, & the day they were signed! - He told her the first night that ~~she~~ he had not wanted to marry, but his father insisted upon it, she did not even consider love as having anything to do between man & wife; the man married because he wished someone at the head of his establishment, & the wife because she wanted position - I exclaimed that such a marriage seemed to me very terrible! - And so it did to me, she said, 'when I thought this man is my master, & I have given myself to him' - 'I would not marry,' said I - 'First you must,' said she, 'in France Society expects it of you - A single woman is nothing, she is allowed to go nowhere, she can take no stand; society does not recognize a single woman, she must be married - I never went down even into the courtyard of the house alone before I ^{my father never thought it worth while a young woman should come into the house till this time with me to} was organized always my mother to a "despatch or dinner" contracts you signed) What can you expect if you take a young girl & sequestered from the world by education. & suddenly marry her in such a way? Most

not every one of the softer feelings, every feeling by which she is a woman, be wronged - What has personal character to do with marriage? And how can you expect her to look on her life as wife & mother bright & noble if such is its beginning? And yet I had almost rather she should feel it keenly, than take it as matter of course, & the necessary form of an introduction to society - Of course there are exceptions, & of course many make such marriages happy by being ^{after} wife who learn to love each other - But still marriage as an arrangement by others, Marriage & affairs wide circumference, Destroying the sanctity of marriage - I had rather a girl ran away for love than married for such a way - Though her choice might be even so foolish - But I am sure I would rather a child grew up knowing only how to spell & sew & read her bible, than send it to Paris to be educated - Of course it is a different thing where people in travelling stay awhile here for the advantages - But the deliberate intention of sending a child from America to be educated in Paris! Good heavens! what are the few accomplishments gained, compared to the injury the mind & more delicate feelings, a child must receive ^{over} walls through the streets of Paris or books sets the shop windows! Be sure some may pass through it all pure, I hope many do, but who would run the risk? I do not wonder the French are mindless & sensual, I only wonder they are as good as they are - But as long as we value truth & purity, & delicacy in manner & feeling, let us keep our children at home, where truth is truth, & right is right; & if the knowledge of evil must come, let it come when they are strong enough to fight it, & to see that wrong is wrong, & bad, bad - Some may say 'evil to him who evil thinks,' & so say I, but wrong is not right because you shut your eyes & won't see it - And our manners, our ways are so different, that we often cannot realize how different things are here - Nor what risks are run - And I am grieved & wounded & saddened more than I can tell when French people say the young Americans are the most dissipated the worst of all the foreigners or French in Paris; & then say I thought your manners were very bad in America! - I have written strangely, but I feel strongly & deeply, & I want you to know how I feel - And I do not think I came to Paris prejudiced; I see that many things are good, I see to rejoice in many, many exceptions, & truly believe there is an earnest will

& stirring in many hearts for something better. But it is a very work,
& it is needed from the brightest to the lowest. So I will turn to
something better, the outside glories of this magnificent, beautiful city
which encloses such a strange society in its midst.

Sunday morn. Dr. Gray & I set out at a good hour, meaning to go to Notre Dame to
hear the Te Deum, which was to be sung there as the first public performance of
the day. We stopped to see if the Lassells had returned, & found them at breakfast,
& that they had got back the morn before, having travelled all night on their return
from Nantes - they were quite charmed with their visit to Indre & Loire. The elder
of Mrs. Consulin's daughters - she lives in a country-house not far from Nantes, very
handsomely situated, Aunt Lizzie said, prettily & comfortably furnished, & everything so
comfortable & in such fine order; & Mr. Lassell said she was also quite charmed with
so sensible & intelligent & such a good husband & father. They were quite charmed
with having seen such a pleasant & good & happy French family - There were
two daughters, the oldest 15 perhaps, the youngest 10. After a few minutes we took
our way to Notre Dame, which is on the island in the middle of the Seine, which
was formerly all there was of Paris, though now it has extended immensely on
each side - the front of Notre Dame you are all familiar with, but it is only
five but an imperfect idea - The interior I was somewhat disappointed in, for
though very high & grand it is whitewashed - or sort of yellow washed, which makes
it look cold & bare - We were before Mass, but did not know when the Te Deum was
to be, & as hired two chairs to wait for it, the body of the church is filled with
chairs which are let indiscriminably to whoever wishes them - The priests were
very splendidly robed, at least the principal ones, in ~~purple~~ velvet cloaks which
reach the ground, & a palline, as it were, over of white beautifully embroidered
with colored flowers, & fringed with gold; but they looked like the old ladies, as
their backs were turned to us, richly dressed in the fashion. The soldiers' faces in
France are generally bad, but I must say the priests are worse - You naturally
expect that men especially consecrated to a holy life should have something of
it in their looks; & when their faces are coarse & low, often ill tempered in appear-
ance, it seems incongruous with their profession - Some have good faces & look
handsome, but as far as I have seen they are the exceptions - And they do not in
spire any confidence from their appearance, or give the impression that clean
honest ranks among their virtues - I am surprised to see so few in the streets - I want
to see more of the Catholic service till I can understand it, for one cannot fully
condemn a thing they don't understand - But at present nothing gives me
a more profound sadness than the Catholic service - It seems such a thing of
mere form, & all seem to practice it & such such a contrast to the religion
Christ came to preach! - I was disappointed in the music, for though parts
were fine, the Cathedral is so large it is not sufficiently filled by the priests &
choristers voices so far off in the choir - The Te Deum did not come until after
Mass, when new priests came in in even more gorgeous robes, & the Arch-bishop was
there - They quite filled the choir with chairs for the members of government, but only
about 20 soldiers came, who were stationed on each side the choir, & 9 or 10 members
of government, so that there was a blank display of empty seats, & it sounded strangely

to hear the orders to the soldiers coming in on the pauses of a feast within & he spent a good part of the day later sitting with Aunt Jessie - Two of their French acquaintances, a lady & daughter, came to call - to invite them to the young ladies' wedding the 18th. of May - She had been engaged about a fortnight before, & it had mentioned as an unusual & very happy occurrence, as one marriage d'unionization! - On our way back Mr. Gay & I went down into the Place de la Concorde where they were making great preparations for the 15th illumination. But unfortunately a heavy rain had set in, & the place looked as if hung with black from the clouds of umbrellas. But though there was such a crowd I never saw one score food wasted, laughing & joking, & a little bridle pushing - We waited to get on to the bridge to see the great figures raised in the middle, of Neptune, & his horses swimming a pile of rocks out of which here & there sprung a tree, & over which a torrent flowed; but we could not pass for the crowd, as a boat race was going on - Under the nose, Neptune's steeds were plaster, & the rocks were of painted boards & canvas - But the trees & water were real, & the effect was very good. The place looked finely with flag-staffs flying with colors & Sunday decorations, the tops of the columns adorned with baskets of flowers, & the fountain also returned to our lodgings hoping the rain would cease before evening At 8 o'clock the Louvels came round for us, & Madme. joining us we went out, half wrapped in shawls & under umbrellas, for the omniate rain still poured down. The front of the Madeleine was lighted by a huge electric light thrown on it from the front, & it was a beautiful effect like moonlight, only bright & clear than sunlight, but one could not stand to look long with the rain pouring down, so we took our way to the Place - It would have been most magnificent had there been dry fine weather! But how could little lanterns burn half filled with water? & the rain was heavy enough to extinguish any smaller flame. On the front of the Building of Public offices they had a long line of fountains of light playing in little stars - And the fountains were surrounded with baskets beautifully twisted from iron, & flowers branching out all over the sides, lighted by rows of lamps, & over all fell fluttered water. It was perfectly lovely! But Mr. Gay said it looked so dark for the occasion! and we could not stay long in such a rain. I was sadly disappointed, for one could see how beautiful it would be were the weather only fine! - Monday I had a walk with the Louvels & we all dined together at the ¹⁶th arrondissement, Montrouge. But I fear French cooking is lost upon them, as Table round eats no meat, & the children will not touch anything but the simplest roasts & boiles, such as they get at home - I am afraid they will starve this summer in Germany - Aunt Jessie seemed to enjoy it. And I think it quite an improvement to travelling to see & taste the different kinds of different countries. - Tuesday morn. I sent violin

Thinking they would decide to go yesterday, I went & we should have together again, but I found the man there that had suddenly decided to be off that night, so we could only bid them good bye - I quite enjoyed to be with them in London, we had enjoyed so much the time with them here - But you have much later news than we have through Uncle Charles, this went off in Miller we sailed Saturday last, & Thursday we had an engagement to pass the day with Mr. Elleson at his country place ^{at Ferrières} - so we were at Mr. Gray's at 11th a.m., & found him just returning from his great boat. He took a fiacre to the rail road station, which was outside the hamlet. This rail-road is constructed on a new plan, so as to bear most sudden curves, & we went riding about the country like a country road. The station stands near a pretty pond there. The raised floors are most admirable for, just buildings for they hold no dust, are so easily swept, & are always so delightfully neat. As we took the omnibus & went trotting away the 3 miles further to Ferrières. The roads are paved all the way with square stones, & riding is not so agreeable; & you do not know how quiet these little French towns are where the Parisians have their country seats, see! Among the better houses you drive between high, white walls, nothing can you see over but the tops of trees, perhaps a long line shaven close as if a green wall surrounded the village - The road is very narrow, & at last you come to real streets, a small gate at the side, a bell-hanging at its side, & over the top you see the roofs of the houses & its offices, then the straight walls again, until suddenly they terminate; & the road winds along without a fence anywhere to be seen, between fields of grain, vine &c. Entering the little town of Ferrières we turn up at one of the stems, - just the bell & basin through the gate, we found ourselves in a little ^{pond} courtyard, the nice old-fashioned house rising in front of us, a row of orange trees in back, cut with round heads, ranged on each side, Mr. Elleson came to welcome us, & Madeline, who seemed on the steps & seized both hands - We were ushered into a salon looking out upon the other side of the house, & such a change! before the time windows stopped upon a soft pink curtain surrounded by trees & on one side the window looked into a long room, now on each side, mounted up an arch overhead - The house formerly belonged formerly to the Archduke de la Vallière & this was a fine, large room, a portico of Louis XV large as life on horse-back built up one end, over the door are beautiful little Landseer's painted in watercolor - The fire-place is large, of handsome marble, & the pier glass over the back - When we were in the garden, Madeline invited to me the chamber formerly occupied by the Archduke - One of her children, the next youngest, came in - A little fellow of two years - He was dressed in a long frock of monsieurine, high neck &

long sleeves, & a little fur hat cotton cap lined with cotton on the inside, & so he could go out or stay in the house to be pleased, nothing was allowed for warmth - The baby we saw later was dressed in the same way, it seemed to be cold down all the time, but then the houses have large windows & doors, generally open, & they do not warm the houses so well as, so that inside & out it looks very much the same difference - Mrs. Madeline went with us into the garden she but nothing, & soon having laid the hand of course to carry the tools with a basket when she came out, & later in the day she threw a light snow over - It must make children very hardy to be in the sun so much, & used to be little covering, & they still looked so strong & vigorous - When we went out in the garden we were joined by the two other children, Henri the oldest a boy of about 6, & Isidore Frédéric, a boy younger, at first they had nothing in their heads, but afterwards appeared in large hats - They were a charming little family, all with bright black eyes, active, vigorous little creatures, & yet very well behaved, the older taking special care of the younger, & all running to get one flower, & from their own gardens too - The youngest are named Maurice & Théophile - The garden is not laid out in the precise regularity of a flutteman's garden, but the flowers are raised in great masses together, & never does anything prove beautiful - than a heart bed of the 'A. nemophaea', it was like a little bit of art - You were the most superb specimen I ever saw, & such magnificent pansies! We spent an immense time in the garden, for the gentlemen found it much to interest them. Madeline said Mr. Holt met us at the station, & we found Mr. Elleson there. I collected an immense bouquet, for Madeline gathered every thing for me - In fact she took one side another side Madeline, unless difficult a rose was the sweetest scented 'M. Léonard', covered with flowers the branches were as high as a man's thigh, & the air was fragrant with innumerable delicate bunches of 'Camille' flowers, & that peculiar half blue, half white lead color - Then Madeline took us into a little green house which she said her husband had built for her to receive her to passing the winter in the country, & she cut for me such a beautiful branch of orange blossoms, & then took down roses, reds along near the roof, in which were strawberries, & pattered the fruits for me - She was remonstrating, she answered so peacefully they have been offering these 2 days to Madeline. Say! some time has spent in the 'Cicole des Fleurs', & Madeline seemed to know where everything grew in the garden, indeed with such eye anything new or strange, had charm of particular things, & with a woman's instinct well contrived some curious subtlety - Mr. Elleson has made some

very curious & scientific observations on various varieties on plants, &c. I
is a very intelligent man - we went afterwards into his room where
he showed us some curious things with the microscope. Some of them
decorations & discoveries of his wife. Who is really a remarkable woman
and so sweet & charming! She complimented me very much on my
progress in French, & we talked very easily all day together. Before dinner
who do you think arrived, Frédéric, the younger, who travelled so much
in America when young, & who with his father made the famous bird in
American trip. He came it was to meet a friend, & is still a vigorous
hale, old man, though 81, he's a real English bore, & it was indeed a
very interesting thing to meet him. I thought you, Bill, & now much
you would have liked to see him. We were soon after ushered in
to dinner. All the rooms on that lower floor seemed paved with marble,
but in the salons a carpet was laid down, & also just under the table.
In the dining room - He had such a nice dinner first soup very thick
with rice. Then bouilli very delicate & potatoe flavored with it. Then
roasted chicken with some miscellanea over it & some cakes around it that
seemed as if made of Indian meal. Then a sort of fish, real most delicately
pared & cooked. Before that came some exceedingly nice ham dried in
juniper smoke. Then some delicious asparagus, a separate dish; then cauliflower
flour with cheese plated over it & browned; then a nice plum pudding, or
cake called a savarin half puddling, half cake, baked in a ring. And after
a salad, the dessert was put on; Tarte, delicate candied fruit, most de-
licious macaroons & little cakes made by Madame Tolstoi herself, & pretty
confitures of pear & quince, reserved for berries, &c. I did not taste every
thing! But neither do I care to tell you how much I did taste; - That
all was very nice, & I came to the conclusion Madame T. was a wonder-
ful cook as well as for every thing else! - The two oldest children dined at
table & behaved very well. They had some red wine to drink in their wa-
ters as matter of course - carbolic amuse drinks here water. Café now was
handed after dinner, & then we all left the table together, & soon the
omnibus came, & we had to say good-bye! I could not forbear giving
Madame a French Salutation or Surtout, of a kiss on each of her soft
round cheeks, & I found Mr. Paul would like to have joined me, he
admires her & heartily! I had one flower tenderly marked like
a baby in my hand, it was a tiny bunch, & made our room quite
gay for a long time! - We rode all the way to Paris in the bus, by
the great road in old times to Marseilles, wider than the neck, a tree on
each side, but unconquerable, paved. It used to be crowded with
carriages & vehicles before the opening of the R.R. but now it is almost
deserted. We took a taxi after leaving the bus & were gone about 10-